By BIDE DUDLEY

IR HERBERT TREE has cancelled his plans to sail for England to-day, and will remain in America several weeks more and possibly all summer. The actor was to have been a passenger on the New York. It was explained at his office that Sir Herbert would leave for California soon to look after business interests. This probably means that he is to do some more film acting. Percy Burton, Str Herbert's manager, says that the actor has much to do in this country along the line of arranging for his next season's productions.

"I don't know Sir Herbert's intention exactly," said Mr. Burton. "You may state that they are honorable but remote."

Sir Herbert made half a dozen farewell speeches. And now they've all gone to waste,

"MACBETH" AT THE GAIETY.

Incidentally, arrangements have been completed whereby Sir Herbert Tree's motion picture version of "Macbeth" will go into the Galety Theatre Monday afternoon for a limited engagement. It has been at the Riaito.

OSCAR'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

OSCAR'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

Oscar Hammerstein was seen yesterday in a small shop on Broadway buying two 75-cent shirts.

"That's enough to pay for a good shirt," he said, when accused of extravagance.

"That's all he ever paid," said Lyle Andrews, who has been in the employ of the Hammerstein family for years. "I remember one time when we were giving grand opera at the Manhattan, Mr. Hammerstein needed a couple of shirts. He came up to my office and said:

shirts. He came up to my once and said:

"Lyle, what's the payroll going to amount to this week?"

"Sixty thousand dollars, I replied.

"All right, said Mr. Hammerstein, Give me two dollars, Lyle, I want to get a couple of shirts and a necktie,"

BOUSA MAROONED BY MUD.

SOUSA MAROONED BY MUD.

That well known young composer, bandmaster and trap shooter, John Philip Sousa, is marooned in Trenton and is finding life a heavy burden. Last Monday he started for Washington horseback, accompanied by his daughter. The rain stopped them at Trenton, and there they have stuck ever since. Yesterday the bandmaster wired Harry Askin at the Hippodrome as follows:

"The sun evidently misun lerstood our plans, for it turned on the spirot and we came in here (Trenton) and were overtaken internally, externally and unfernally. Please ask Mr. Burnside to slage a sunlit scene here tomorrow so we can be off for Philadelphia. Three days in Trenton! Think of it! Even Corse Payton doesn't play here that long."

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

came into my dressing room he tore dulgin' in child's play: 'twould do me no good. For exercise I always saw and chop wood." Just then Sue Megugin appeared in the door. "Oh, Father," she said, "Mother's getting quite sore. You told her you'd chop her some wood and you ain't. You'd better skid home 'fore she dons her war paint." Old Slias said: "Gossh! I'm too old for such work. That job really blongs to our friend, Pat McGuirk. He'll chop a whole cord for a dollar or two." Then Silas went out in a terrible stew.

COSSID.

HERZ AS AN AUCTIONEER.

It is only about a week ago that Ralph Herz, comedian, was married to a very attractive Washington girl. Vesterday an emissary of Lee Shubert went to the bridegroom and asked him if he would serve as an auctioneer at the sale of the first night seats for "The Passing Show of 1916" to be held Tuesday afternoon at the Winter Garden.

"Till let you know later" was the "Way" has signed a long term contract with the Messrs. Shubert. "Til let you know later," was the smedian's reply. Three hours after Licut. Norman Loring of

"Fil let you know later," was the comedian's reply. Three hours after that Mrs. Herz called at the Shubert dian troops is a son of Marie Tempest. His wife, Lillian Cavanagh, is

offices. "Yes," she said, "Mr. Herz may in Miss Tempest's company.

"'S'MATTER, POP!"









HENRY HASENPFEFFER-But, Alas, Woman Like, She Changed Her Mind!

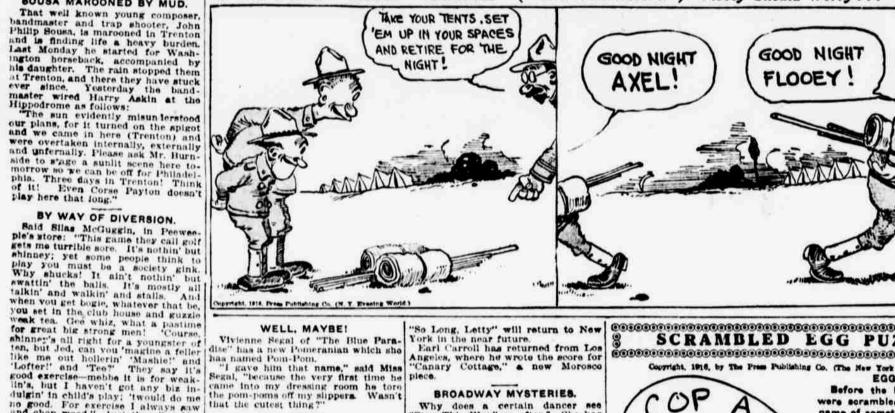
WHY YOU WERE YES BUT I QUITE OBSCURE WAS'NT SO OBSCURE BEFORE I MARRIED YOU DID'NT YOU HENRY ! FIND ME AN' LAND ME!



DYE REMEMBER THAT YOU ONCE "PROPOSED" TO YES I

DAWGONIT 'AT'S ONE OF MY MOST BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES ! · PARAN.

FLOOEY AND AXEL-(THEY'RE AT THE MILITARY)-Flooey Should Worry!!!







GOSSIP.

"All Night Long" will open in Long

Why does a certain dancer see "Step This Way" so often? She has attended at least five performances already and the play has been in New

OUR CHESTNUT MINSTRELS. Interlocutor—Why do defaulters al-most invariably run to Canada, Mr. Bones — Because that's the best

York less than two weeks.

place Toronto.
Interlocutor—I saw you in the res-taurant last night, Mr. Tambo.
Tambo—Yes, and what do you think? I found an oyster in my soup.
"Well, that's all right."
"No, is isn't. It was tomato soup."

FOOLISHMENT.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

Old Lady (in middle of the street)

-Where will I catch a car?

Policeman — If you don't hurry
you'll catch one in the middle of the Nat Royster, who is in Chicago with back.

SCRAMBLED EGG PUZZLES

EGG NO. 42. Before the letters in this ac



were scrambled they spelled the name of something which always is before and never after.

See if you can arrange the letters to spell what they originally did. The sommbled letters in Thursday's eng spelled "IN-HERITANCE."

GOOD STORIES OF THE DAY

Final Question. 66 [M, for goodness sake, get those

kids to bed," grumbled Jenkins, who had vainly tried to settle down for a quiet five minutes. The young Jenkinses went aloft, and there seemed some prospect of peace until Harold, the eldest, who had been allowed half an hour's grace, began butting in with his ridiculous queries.

"What on earth do you want now?"
demanded the harassed parent, as he
desperately flung down the paper.

"Well, dad, did Adam only have one

"Of course he did. Now, look here, iny more silly questions and you go to bed, too, my son."

"Yes, pa, but can't I talk a little bit more about that question?"
"Go on with it," said the patient pa, "And, mind, this is the very last."
"Well, was Adam his first name or his last name?"—Buffalo Enquirer.

After Bargains.

THRIFTY farmer approached the stamp window at the village post-office. "Hey ye got any postage cards?" he drawled.

"How much be they?" "One cent aplece."
"Card and stamp both?"

"Never sell 'em six for five cents?"
"Never Postal cards are always cent apiece straight."
"Wall—then—I'll take one."—Harper's Magazine.

The Winner.

N Englishman, Irishman and cal ability of the substitute. ever died first should have five had done. over died first should have five had done.

pounds placed on his coffin by each of the others. The Irishman was the first to die. Shortly afterwood the would do better the next night.

The newcomer, eying him grate-

asked him if he had fulfilled the

agreement.

"Yes," said the Englishman, "I put on five sovereigns. What did you put on?"

"Oh, I jist wrote ma check fer ten poonds," said the Scotchman, "an took your five sovereigns as change." -Argonaut.

What Interested Him.

CIR ARTHUR PINERO, the famous dramatist, who, as chairman of the United Arts Corps, in doing a great deal of hard work just now, tells an amusing story of a conversation he once heard while watching one of his own plays in the stalls at a West End theatre.

A lady and her little boy were sitting near him, and as the curtain went down on the second act the fond went down on the second act the fond mother turned to her son and said: "Well, dear, are you enjoying it?" "Oh, yes, mamma," replied the youngster gleefully; "do you know, there are 69 men in this theatre who have hald spots on the top of their heads? I have counted them five times?"

After that the lady enjoyed the rest of the play without asking her young hopeful any more questions.—Pear-

The Coming Storm.

reluctantly acepted the services of a man who had played in an amateur brass band. He was naturally a little doubtful, however, of the techni-

Scotchman made an agreement After the first performance the new among themselves that who- player asked the conductor how he

2 WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

By Jack Callahan By Jack Callahan LECTOR DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROP



fully, answered: "Man, ye see, the music is a strange tae me the nicht, and I'm no jist shair o't yet, but you wait tae the morn's nicht, and ye'l no hear ane of that fiddles at Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Still They Wonder Why. THE two women were discussing that never failing theme-the incompetency of domestic ser-

"Well, I am looking for a new cook," said one of the women,"and I am at my wits' end. They come to a Scottish orchestra was ill you as experts, well recommended and all that, and they turn out to be lazy and incompetent. I declare I

can't understand it!" "What became of the cook you had inst week?" asked the other.
"My dear, she was positively the limit. She couldn't cook, she broke dishes, she wasted food, she wasn't neat and she was impudent. I have reason to believe that she drank.

YOU! By Arthur Baer



THE SATURDAY NIGHT BRIDGE CLUB By Ferd G. Long 8 . . ITS TERRIBLY EMBARRASSING TO GOODNESS! HOW DO HAY! THIS AINT A WAY DIDN'T YOU RE-TOU EXPECT ME TO SCHOOL FOR CARD TURN THE SUIT WHEN MAN ASSO AW REMEMBER ALL PLAYERS! WAY DON'T I MADE THE REVERSE THATIC AND CRITICAL-IM POSITIVELY AFRAID OF HIM! YOU HIRE A HALL DISCARD? THAT WAS I DON'T AW-CUT OUT MY SIGNAL THAT KINDERGARTEN! THAT INQUEST I COULD TRUMP. STUFF! 5 THE NEXT TRICK! NOW HENRY, AW HES A DOLS POUR FLUSHER! A SCENE! THE CLEVER GUY WHO ALWAYS CON-DUCTS A POST MORTEM OVER HIS SKILLFUL PLAYS AND PUTS HIS PARTNER IN THE BOOB CLASS